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The Critic

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Men, Women and Books*

THE LIMITATIONS OF INSPIRATION

IT IS ONE of the pleasures of my life that I never saw Tennyson. Hence I am still able to think of him as a poet, for even his photograph is not disillusionising, and he dressed for the part almost as well as Beerbohm Tree would have done. Why one's idea of a poet is a fine frenzied being, I do not quite know. One seems to pick it up in the very nursery, and even the London *gamin* knows a poet when he doesn't see one. Probably it rests upon the ancient tradition of oracles and sibyls, foaming at the mouth like champagne bottles. Inspiration meant originally demoniac possession, and to "modern thought" prophecy and poetry are both epileptic. "Genius is a degenerative psychosis of the epileptoid order." A large experience of poets has convinced me as little of this as of the old view summed up in "genus irritable vatum." Poets seem to me the homeliest and most hardworking of mankind—"tis a man in possession, not a *daimon* nor a disease. Of course they have their mad moods, but they don't write in them. Writing demands serenity, steadiness, patience; and of all kinds of writing, poetry demands the steadiest pen. Complex metres and curious rhyme-schemes are not to be achieved without pain and patience. Prose is a path, but poetry is a tight-rope, and to walk on it demands the nicest dexterity. You may scribble off prose in the fieriest frenzy—who so fiery and frenzied as your journalist with the printer's devil at his elbow?—but if you would aspire to Parnassus, you must go slow and steady. Fancy inditing a sonnet with the composers waiting for "copy"! Pegasus were more truly figured as a drayhorse than a steed with wings; he jogs along trot-trot, and occasionally he stands at an obstinate pause. The splendid and passionate lyrics of Swinburne, with their structural involutions and complications, must have been "a dem'd grind." The English language does not easily lend itself to so much "linked sweetness long drawn out." Even the manuscript of Pope's easy, meandering verse is disfigured by ceaseless corrections. As he himself says:—

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."

Shelley is the ideal of a poet, a soul of white fire, fed by bread and raisins; yet Shelley's last manuscripts are full of lacunae and erasures, some of which have had to be reproduced perforse in the printed editions.

"Clothed with the . . . as with light,
And the shadows of the night,
Like . . . next, Hypocrisy,
On a crocodile rode by."

It reads like a puzzle set by a Competition Editor. Here is another one, which begins as beautifully as *Hedda Gabler* could desire, and ends in blankness:—

"Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it never fades away;
Go to the []
You, being changed, will find it then as now."

The fact is, of course, that inspiration is no guarantee of perfection. The limitations of inspiration vary with the limitations of the writer—a proposition that may be commended to the theologians. Genius can no more safeguard a man against his own ignorance than it can find a rhyme to "silver." Inspiration could not save Keats from his Cockney rhymes nor Mrs. Browning from her rhymeless rhymes. I met a poet in a London suburb—it seemed odd to see one out of Fleet Street—but after a few bewildered instants

I recognized him. There was on his brow the burden of a brooding sorrow. I sought delicately to probe the cause of his grief, and he confessed at last that in a much-praised poem just published he had made a monosyllable dissyllabic. He had never got over a youthful mispronunciation, and in an unguarded moment of inspiration it had slipped in.

This prosaic view of poetry is distasteful to many who like to think that "Paradise Lost" came out in a jet. But all these grandiose conceptions belong to the obscurantist view of human life, which is popular with all who hate, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "to think clear and see straight." People fancy that the dignity of human life demands that artists at least should be Ouida-esque, but the true dignity of the artist is to be sublimely simple rather than simply sublime. The finest art—be it literature, music or painting—is, after all that inspiration can do has been done, a matter of painful pegging away; and the finest artists will be found quietly occupying themselves with their art without pose or fuss. That side of the business is largely monopolized by the little men. But even the big men sometimes fall victims to the popular conception, as when a Byron stagily takes the centre of the universe, and looms lurid like the spirit of the Brocken. We do not need biographical scandal-mongers to tell us what "the real Lord Byron" was like. He was like "Don Juan," his own poem: shrewd, cynical, worldly, with flashes of exquisite feeling. The poem which is cut out of young ladies' editions of Byron is the poem that represents him most truly in his blend of sensualism and idealism, whereas the Brocken figure is but Byron as he appeared to himself in his stormiest and gloomiest moments, and even that phantasm artistically draped and limelit by a poet's imagination. If people realized how much Byron wrote in his pitiable span of thirty-six years, how much hard labor went to make those cleverly-rhymed stanzas of "Childe Harold" or "Don Juan," despite Swinburne's accusation of botchery, they would see that he really had very little time to be wicked. They would understand that art—even the most decadent—is based on strenuous labor.

Even in poetically declaring himself a decadent, the artist must take as many pains as fall to the prosiest bourgeois. This is the paradox of the position. Just as the pyrrhonist in maintaining that there is no truth asserts one, so the literary pessimist partly contradicts his contention of the futility of existence by his anxiety to express himself elegantly. Leopardi's Italian and Schopenhauer's German are far superior to those of the optimistic philosophers; and one of the most polished poems of our day is poor Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night." So, too, the poet who declares himself an idler and a vagabond gives a lie to his pretensions by the labor he takes to clothe them in unimpeachable verse. If you will bear this in mind, you will considerably modify your notion of the irresponsible artistic butterfly. Sime Reeves tells an amusing anecdote of Mario the singer. Being brought one Thursday night by a friend to sing at a big fashionable party, he found so great a line of carriages in front of his own that it was past midnight ere he arrived at the door. The thought that it was already Friday, and that he was about to sing in a new house whose hostess he did not even know, had already dismayed the superstitious singer. But when he saw the number on the door was 13, no power on earth and no amount of argument could induce him to enter. "Ah, yes," said the hostess, smiling pleasantly, when the friend explained, "a very ingenious excuse, for which Mario ought to be grateful to you. Of course he was intoxicated, and after a long argumentation you at last persuaded him to go home."

BOHEMIA IN THE ROARING FORTIES

Poe was doubtless occasionally drunk; but think of the years of sober labor, of stooping over desks, that must have gone to make those wonderful tales! Which is the true Poe, the hard drinker or the hard worker? That the artist must get drunk is, indeed, the belief of certain schools of young men even to-day; but is it not based on the old eternal false-logic, that because some artists have got drunk, therefore to get drunk is to be artistic? It was Murger who invented the Bohemian artist, poor and gay and of an easy morality. "Musette and Mimi!" says Sarcey. "The image of those ideal beings shone on every man who was twenty-one about 1848. 'La Vie de Bohème' was youth's breviary—fifty years ago." The great dramatic critic goes on to complain of the onslaught made upon him because he wrote against this "idleness of disposition, this heedlessness for the morrow, this inclination to look for the day's tobacco and the quarter's rent from loans and debts rather than from honest work, this witty contempt for current morality." But this is scarcely the teaching of the ever delightful book, which catches the spirit of youth and gaiety and irresponsibility wedded to artistic ardor as no other book has done before or since, and for which one might put in the plea that Charles Lamb made for the dramatists of the Restoration. Its world is only a pleasing fiction, and the ordinary rules of morality do not carry over into it. It is the East of Suez of literature, "where there ain't no Ten Commandments, and a man may raise a thirst." The real Bohemia, as Jules Valdès showed in "Réfractaires," is a world of misery and discontent. Still more sordid is the English Bohemia expounded by Mr. Gissing in "New Grub Street." Mr. Robert Buchanan indeed writes as if there had been a Murgerian Bohemia in England in his young days. "Et ego fui in Bohemia. There were inky fellows and bouncing girls, *then*; *now* there are only fine ladies, and respectable God-fearing men of letters." Really! Surely there are plenty of bouncing girls and inky fellows still, just as there were respectable God-fearing men-of-letters and fine ladies even in the roaring forties. I doubt if Bohemia was ever so amusing as Mr. Buchanan imagines now, and I suspect the bouncing girls were "gey ill to live with."

What is true in the immortal Bohemia myth, what appeals to the universal human instinct, is the eternal contrast between the dreams and aspirations of youth and the soberties of success and middle age. As Jeffery Prowe sang:—

"I dwelt in a city enchanted,
And lonely, indeed, was my lot;
Two guineas a week, all I wanted,
Was certainly all that I got.
Well, somehow I found it was plenty,
Perhaps you may find it the same,
If—if you are just five-and-twenty,
With industry, hope, and an aim;
Though the latitude's rather uncertain,
And the longitude also is vague,
The person's I pity who know not the City,
The beautiful City of Prague!"

This Bohemia will never disappear, because every generation of youth reconstructs it afresh, to migrate from it into the world of respectability above or the world of shame below. "Qu'on est bien à vingt ans!" will always be a cry to thrill the breast of portly respectability with tender regret. As Thackeray put it in that delightful poem, which is almost an improvement on Béranger:—

"With pensive eyes the little room I view,
Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long;
With a wild mistress, a staunch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song;
Making a mock of life and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs
In the brave days when I was twenty-one."

What a pity that life is so stern and severe, that for the light morality of Bohemia somebody must pay, some life be wrecked! Nature fills us with youth and romance, but for her own purposes only. She is the great matrimonial agent, and heavy is the penalty she exacts from those who would escape her books, and extract from life more poetry than it holds. And so the beautiful rose-light of Bohemia veils many a tragedy, many a treachery. Yet will the *grisette* be ever a gracious memory, and literature will always embalm the "Mimi Pinson" of De Musset.

She is dead now, *la grisette*, even in Paris, and "hic jacet" may be written over the bonnet she threw *par-dessus les moulins*.

"Ah, Clemence! When I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had pass'd,
I said, 'We meet again,'
I dreamed not in that idle glance
Thy latest image came,
And only left to Memory's trance
A shadow and a name."

That is how she affected even the Puritan Oliver Wendell Holmes. Yes, there is something in the Bohemian tradition that touches the sternest of us—not the roistering, dissolute, dishonorable, shady Bohemia that is always with us, bounded by the green-room, the race-course, the gambling club and the Bankruptcy Court, but the Bohemia that is as unreal as Shakespeare's "desert country near the sea," the land of light purses and light loves, set against the spiritual blight that sometimes follows on pecuniary and connubial blessedness. For, after all, morality is larger than a single virtue, and Charles Surface is always more agreeable than Joseph, even when Joseph is as proper as he pretends. And if Charles is a poet to boot, what can we not forgive him? The poet must have his experiences—be sure that nine-tenths of them are purely of the imagination. For the other tenth—I Well, if Burns had been strictly temperate, "the world had wanted many an idle song," and we should not have celebrated his centenary so enthusiastically. The poet expresses the joy and sorrow of the race whose silent emotions become vocal in him, and it is necessary that he should have a full and varied life, from which "nihil humanum" is alien. Barry Pain once wrote a subtle story, which only three persons understood, to show that a great poet might be an elegant egotist, of unruffled life and linen. If so, I should say that such a poet's genius would largely consist of hereditary experience; he would, in language that is not so unscientific as it sounds, be a reincarnation of a soul that had "sinned and suffered." But as a rule the poet does his own sinning and suffering, and catches for himself that haunting sense of the glory and futility of life which is the undertone of the modern poet's song, and which finds such magical expression in Heine's verses:—

"I have loved, oh, many a maiden kind,
And many a right good fellow,—
Where are they all? So pipes the wind,
So foams and wanders the billow."

But the poet's morals are much maligned. The fierce light which beats upon the throne of song reveals the nooks and crannies of the singers' lives, which for the rest they themselves expose rather than conceal. I should say that the average morality of the poet is much superior to the average morality of the man of the world who sins in well-bred silence. The poet gloats over his sins—is musically remorseful or swingingly defiant; he hints or exaggerates or invents. That is where the poet's imagination comes in—to give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. The poet's imagination is often far more licentious than his life; the "poet's license" is rightly understood to be limited to his language. To have written erotic verses is almost a certificate of respectability; the energy that might have been expended in action has run to rhyme. "Qui ose tout dire ar-

rive à tout faire," say the French. *Arrives at*, perhaps, though even this is doubtful, but certainly does not start from that platform. Much less questionable were it to say:— "Qui ose tout faire arrive à ne rien dire."

I. ZANGWILL.

Literature

Judaism and Antisemitism

Israel Among the Nations: A Study of the Jews and Antisemitism. By Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. Translated by Frances Hellman. Authorised Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

M. LEROY-BEAULIEU's latest work may be said to belong to the historical school of Renan and Taine, but with some notable differences in sentiment and purpose between the younger writer and his famous predecessors, who in these respects cannot be styled his leaders. Unlike Renan, he is a firm and, indeed, an ardent believer in the Christian doctrine, while he admits and deplores the inconsistent and unchristian acts of many believers, more especially in their treatment of the Jews, in whose behalf his benevolent feelings are strongly interested. Unlike Taine, he looks upon the French Revolution, not as an orgy of rebellious serfs, maddened by an unaccustomed draft of liberty, or, rather, license, but as the rising of an oppressed people from an abyss of darkness and misery into the reviving but at first bewildering light of freedom. Among the earliest, though not the very first, to share this elevation were the Jews, whose emancipation dates from 27 Sept. 1791, the day of the last sitting but one of the Constituent Assembly, when, after long discussion and much opposition, the decree of enfranchisement was at last rendered. Other nations have followed the example, though slowly, and not till after protracted struggles—Denmark in 1849, England in 1849 and 1858, Italy in 1860 and 1870, Austro Hungary in 1867, Germany in 1869 and 1871, and so on. Finally, we are told, "Russia and Roumania at one extremity of Europe, Spain and Portugal at the other, are the only countries which have not yet followed the French example."

The coupling of the latter four nations has a striking and suggestive effect, which the author himself, singularly enough, seems to overlook. As the steady decline of Spain and Portugal from the highest almost to the lowest rank of Christian nations commenced 400 years ago with the expulsion and spoliation of the Jews, so there is good reason to expect that a similar fate will overtake, perhaps even more rapidly, the nations at the opposite extremity of Europe, which are repeating the same unhappy cycle of mischief. Injustice and oppression, in all times and countries, bring with them the same inevitable retribution. Unfortunately, even in some countries where better influences have prevailed and the emancipation is an accomplished fact, a reaction among certain classes seems to have set in. A wave of illiberalism, beginning with Russia, has passed over central Europe, taking the absurdly pretentious and pedantic name of Antisemitism, and the form of bitter hostility and sometimes mob-violence against the Jews. The arguments by which this modern outbreak of the persecuting spirit is sustained are mostly of such trivial force that in America they will hardly be deemed worthy of refutation. In Europe, however, where they have been urged with an incessant reiteration, which is producing some unfortunate political and social effects, it is not deemed prudent to overlook them; and M. Leroy-Beaulieu, whose large learning, wide experience, and philanthropic character specially qualify him for the office, has undertaken to meet the arguments of the "Jew-baiters," made clear the evil results of their action, and summoned against them all the forces of reason, humanity and good statesmanship, to bring this absurd and noxious movement to a close. In this worthy object there can be little doubt of his ultimate success. The whole spirit of the age is on his side, and his work is well and thoroughly done. His book is an armory of weapons for the advocates of justice and good policy. Its arguments are

drawn from every available quarter—from history, statistics, physiology, psychology, the philosophy of religion, and the philosophy of race.

The facts adduced by the author would leave no doubt—if any had before existed—that the main force of the Anti-semitic party in Europe springs from the same evil influences which, farther east, have led in Armenia to the atrocities that have lately shocked the civilized world. These influences have been briefly, but pithily and truly, defined as "race-hatred and creed-hatred." The Jew-baiters of eastern and central Europe form one wing of the grand army of persecution which in Asia has for its other flank the murderous hordes of Turks and Kurds. With these hordes an English Prime Minister, armed with all the power of the mightiest of modern empires, has avowed himself unable to deal. The rulers of Germany and Austria, to their credit be it said, have not hesitated to oppose boldly the violence of the western wing of this pestilent body, even at some hazard from the popular frenzy. The author shows plainly that there has been nothing in the acts or words of the Jews to excite or excuse this hostility. He admits frankly that the Jews have themselves shown examples of racial and religious intolerance. But these have not been exhibited wilfully or with malicious purpose; and, what is more important to observe, they have been called forth and almost compelled by the intolerance to which the Jews have for centuries been subjected,—the frequent persecutions, the seclusions in ghettos and Jewries, the unjust imposts, the humiliating disabilities, and sometimes the torture and cruel death of their worthiest leaders. It is further to be noted that in the precise measure in which the Christian intolerance towards them has been relaxed, the resulting exclusiveness of the Jews, which was merely their armor of self-defense, has given way. *Aesop's fable of the wind and sun contending for the traveller's cloak* has here as elsewhere found its ready application. In no countries have the Jewish inhabitants proved to be more public spirited and patriotic than in those which admit them to the fullest political and social privileges, and especially in France, England, and the United States. The latter country, indeed, is now becoming to the Israelitish people a new Promised Land.

"The great stream of the modern exodus," we are told, "is not flowing towards the Biblical lands, but in the opposite direction. Though mistrustful Turkey should permit the Israelitish refugees to set sail for Lebanon and Carmel, the majority would still prefer to crowd into the transatlantic steamers. 'A new fatherland, a new country,' such is the cry of the Jew, who, goaded by the spur of misery, breaks loose from the great Ghetto of Russia. * * * The dreams of those who summon Judah to become again a people," continues our author, "are proved ideal by the actual character of Israel's recent migrations. Instead of returning to their cradle in Asia, the Jews are contemptuously turning their backs upon Asia. They are more and more becoming Occidental, European, American. And the more they are scattered, the thinner becomes the Israelitish layer which is stretched over the surface of the nations, and the less resistance does it offer to local influences. In proportion as they become scattered over the earth, the Jews will become emancipated from their religious and national exclusiveness."

And he does not fail to remind us that, as a people, they are, by origin, creed, prophecy and hopes, the most liberal and cosmopolitan of races. "These Jews, who are accused of an incurable tribal spirit, were the first to proclaim that all men are brothers, descendants of the same Adam and the same Eve. 'In thee,' said the Lord to Abraham, 'shall all families of the earth be blessed.' And this human brotherhood, which the sacred books placed in the cradle of the race, the seers of Judah have embodied in the future." A word should be said for the admirable version in which Mrs. Hellman has presented this excellent work to the English-speaking readers of both continents. The book owes much of its value to its singularly attractive style. If we do not find in its pages the compact force of Renan, or the virile

energy of Taine, we are charmed by a lucid, apt and graceful expression, the fit medium of a fine intellect and a noble and generous spirit, trained in the highest culture of the age. The translator has retained these qualities with remarkable fidelity.

Dean Stanley's Letters

Letters and Verses of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, 1829-1881. Edited by R. E. Prothero. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE AUTHOR OF Dean Stanley's Life has in this bulky volume given to the world a kind of aftermath—a selection of letters ranging from the school-days of his subject down to one actually left unfinished at death. In proportion to its size and cost, we fear we must say that the book is unsatisfactory. It was almost bound to be so, from the limitations which the editor has imposed upon himself. Out of a vast mass of material before him, he excludes those letters which he considers to have but little general interest, those which from their private nature are unsuitable for publication, those which have already appeared in the Life, and those which turn upon theological controversies. The last exception, it seems to us, detracts considerably from the value of the collection. Those who have no taste whatever for theology are not likely to be largely represented among its readers; while this principle renders it incapable of giving a full and rounded presentation of Stanley's character. It is almost as bad as a collection of (let us say) Mr. Blaine's letters which should studiously ignore the difference between the Republican and Democratic parties.

The result of these various exclusions is that comparatively little variety or special interest remains to what is left. The two largest classes of letters are those descriptive of his travels, and those dealing with bereavement either in his own family, or (to Mrs. Arnold year after year on the anniversary of her husband's death) where he felt it as keenly. In fact, the bulk of the volume is more than anything else a disjointed book of travels, giving us the germs of "Sinai and Palestine" and long descriptions of many another scene besides those of the Holy Land—one, by the way (Loretto), out of which the serpent of theological controversy has not been kept. One of the most interesting parts of the book is the series of five letters to the Queen, giving an account of the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage at St. Petersburg, in which Stanley represented the Church of England. It is amusing in these to see into what difficulties he gets with the first or second and third persons—beginning badly enough with "The Dean of Westminster presents his humble duty to your Majesty," till he reaches the point where he writes, "He came to speak to me, having once stayed for a week with the Dean at Oxford." American readers, remembering with pleasure the Dean's visit to these shores, will perhaps be more interested in his impressions of his sojourn here, some eighteen years ago. These are given in three letters, which contain the only references to America, with the exception of an apparently irrelevant biography of Aaron Burr in a letter from Malta sixteen years earlier; and they describe only Boston, Niagara and the 250th anniversary of the founding of Salem. The hearts of Bostonians may glow with honest pride when they read that their society "strikes me as very like that of Geneva, which I have always maintained to be the most civilized in Europe—the same uniform amount of intelligence and cultivation in all the families—all well-conditioned, and all intermarried with each other."

In addition to the letters, a number of poetical attempts are reprinted, none of them of startling excellence. One is the poem with which Stanley took the Newdigate Prize at Oxford, an achievement which has been the beginning of many respectable and not a few brilliant poetical careers. The whole collection, finally, is by no means devoid of interest, and Mr. Prothero's painstaking elucidations do their best to make it easy reading.

Mr. Tuckerman's "Notable People"

Personal Recollections of Notable People at Home and Abroad. By Charles K. Tuckerman. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THIS VOLUME by the late Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, Minister to Greece, is partly made up from fresh matter, and partly from articles printed in sundry magazines in this country and England. The whole forms a pleasant series of anecdotes strung on a slender thread of autobiography and light comment. The motto on the title-page, "An anecdote is worth a volume of biography" (from Channing), and the quotation with which the brief preface begins, "I always feel a sort of regard for a man who tells a good story" (from Mr. Serjeant Robinson), indicate that the author was aware of this, and that he would not be supposed to have intended anything like serious criticism of the many notable people whom he met in the course of half a century or more. The earliest of these reminiscences have to do with the Boston of the first part of this period, with anecdotes of Webster, Rufus Choate, Edward Everett, Emerson, Channing, Lyman Beecher, John Pierpont, and others more or less prominent in the "Hub" at that time. Many of the stories will have a castanean flavor to Bostonians whose memories go back forty or fifty years; but they have been forgotten long enough to renew their youth for the present generation, and they are worth the reviving. Now and then, however, our author's memory plays him false here, as in other parts of the book.

He refers, for instance, to a famous passage in Webster's first Bunker Hill oration (at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument in 1825) as delivered at the completion of the obelisk in 1843. The well-known apostrophe to the survivors of the battle—"Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation," etc.—had been spouted by hundreds of schoolboys for ten years at least before the second oration was written, being one of the most popular selections in Readers and Speakers of the time. It would be strange if Mr. Tuckerman had not himself heard it more than once at some of the exhibitions of the Boston Latin School which he pleasantly recalls. Successive chapters tell us of old New York notabilities, like the Astors, the Brevoorts, Dr. J. W. Francis, Washington Irving, N. P. Willis, Peter Cooper, Bryant, and others; of Washington people of somewhat more recent times—"Old Thad," Charles Sumner, "Sunset Cox," Lincoln, Seward, President Johnson (whom Mr. Tuckerman believes to have been a most "honest-hearted man, however impolitic or misguided might be his course"), Grant, George Bancroft, and many others; of theatrical characters of the past and present generation—Forest, Macready, Fanny Elsler, Taglioni, the elder and the younger Booth, Edmund Kean, Hackett, Rossi, Ristori, Fanny Kemble, Jenny Lind and Salvini; of personal experiences in China, British India, Italy, England, Russia, Turkey, Greece and elsewhere, with reminiscences of diplomats, literary men, clergymen of note, and royal personages in several lands; and miscellaneous *ana* and impressions galore. The two volumes, in short, contain much that is interesting, entertaining, and amusing, recorded in a chatty, free-and-easy style. Mr. Tuckerman died at Florence, Italy, twenty-four days ago—a fortnight before his five-and-seventieth birthday.

"England's Darling"

By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. Macmillan & Co.

THE TITLE OF Mr. Austin's latest volume of verse is suggestive. "England's Darling," as everyone knows, means Alfred the Great, but the moment one begins to reflect upon the name, he invariably thinks of another great Alfred, who also is England's Darling, after which there comes to mind the third Alfred, who sings of the first and is the successor of the second. That Mr. Austin was made Laureate we regret, but we are not disposed to contribute to the general abuse which has been heaped upon him ever since. We should have preferred a star to a firefly—and there are sev-

eral stars in the present twilight of British poetry; as it is, we console ourselves—and we presume Mr. Austin consoles himself—with the fact that there have been several fireflies in this particular laurel-bush before. As a subject for a new Poet Laureate's first work published after his coming into office, it must be acknowledged that Alfred the Great is a most proper one, and Mr. Austin very fittingly dedicates his poem to "H. R. H., Alexandra, Princess of Wales, Daughter of Vanished Vikings, and Mother of English Kings to Be," with the remark that it is an "inadequate record of the greatest of Englishmen." Turning to the preface, we are treated to a brief prose sketch of Alfred, in which the author incidentally tells how he was moved to fill the empty niche in the spacious gallery of commanding characters commemorated in English poetry. "Over and over again," he says, "in later years, when traversing those tracts of our native land which the most vividly recall his heroism, his wisdom and his triumph, I found myself exclaiming, 'If one could but write of Alfred!' A visit to Edington, one mellow November afternoon, gave fresh stimulus to the longing, and finally generated the production of this work. Would it were worthier!"

"England's Darling" is a four-act drama, the principal characters of which are Alfred, the King; Edward, his son; and Edgiva, the Danish girl. The interest of the poem centres in the love-making between Edward and Edgiva, and so slight is the impression made by other characters and incidents—even by great Alfred himself,—that their courtship is about all we remember after reading. Like the blank-verse in Mr. Austin's previous works, that of "England's Darling" is evenly uninteresting and spiritless. It is only occasionally in the dialogue between the lovers that the verse takes on some life and color, and this is because such passages give to the author an opportunity to use materials which he knows how to handle with ease and grace. Such a passage is this, from the lips of Edward:—

" This morning when I rose to wend your way,
'Twas barely dawn, and herding night had not
Yet folded all her stars. But, as I clove
Straight through the low-lying marsh, then leaped to land,
Tethering my boat among the reedy swamps
Where fish the flapping herons, soon the East
Crimsoned like hedgerose yet but half unclosed,
Then opened, and the day waxed frank and fresh
As she toward whom with hither-hastening feet
I fared, I flew. The treble-throated lark
Shook his wet wings, and, soon an unseen sound,
Caroled his matin at the gate of Heaven.
But whether like a fountain he went up,
Or in melodious spray fell bubbling back,
Upward or downward, still he seemed to trill
'Edgiva' and 'Edgiva,' till your name
Soared into space, and summered all the air."

It would be unjust and untrue to deny the charm and prettiness of this speech, but it is not easy to attribute to it any particular excellence as blank-verse, and easy enough to point out its defects as such. Mr. Austin is most at ease when he indulges in little lyrics about birds and brooks and the seasons, like the one at the opening of scene II. in the first act:—

"Sing, throstle, sing, On the hornbeam bough; But tell not the King Of a maiden's vow. When the heart is ripe, Then the days are fleet: Pipe, throstle, pipe! Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!	Flute, throstle, flute, To my lagging dear, And never be mute Till she hie to hear. Now that the Spring And the Summer meet, Sing, throstle, sing! Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!
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So far as Mr. Austin's reputation as a poet is concerned, "England's Darling" is not likely to injure it. It is neither better nor worse than his other performances, but, like them, is respectable and uninspired. With the Laureate we, too, exclaim, "Would it were worthier!"

Mr. Davis's "Three Gringos"

In Venezuela and Central America. By Richard Harding Davis. Harper & Bros.

WE ARE GETTING far enough away from the days of the Uncommercial Traveller—the production of books of travel, as well as of most other kinds of books, is now largely regulated by the universal law of supply and demand. Mr. Davis, having already reproduced for us the picturesque effects of England and France (though they say that Paris is no longer France, as it used to be), now directs his wanderings to a part of the world which of late has been much in the public eye; and the frequent suggestion of what is so often, in journalistic circles, referred to as "timeliness" possibly mars to some extent that freshness and spontaneity which have usually been among his charms. He has produced, however, what is at least a very readable book of *Reisebilder*, and may claim the encomium pronounced by the chronicler upon the devoted Captain Reece, "It was his duty, and he did." We are first taken in imagination, as some of these cold days make us wish we could be in reality, into a genial clime where it is a surprise to find the indefatigable English playing cricket under the full tropical sun; and then we plunge into the remote customs of Spanish America, where even a modified hotel is a joy to the discoverer.

The second chapter is devoted to a very picturesque subject, invested with some of the romance of St. Germain and Frohsdorf, for it tells of the place of exile of a power at one time apparently as well established as any absolute monarchy, and certainly controlling larger resources, banished by the stern morality of Postmasters General to a place the means of access to which can only be discovered by consulting many successive shipping-clerks. At Puerto Cortez, in Honduras, all that is left of the Louisiana State Lottery has for two years performed its functions with such regularity as may be, and recompensed the protecting state with \$20,000 a year and one fifth of its gross earnings. Mr. Davis is careful to state that all the information he conveys was freely given to him with the understanding that it would be used in this way; and, indeed, there was no reason why it should not, from the point of view of the resident manager and his wife, to whom the lottery presents itself in the light of the greatest charitable organization of the age. Apart from the interest of the facts given, the whole picture is very striking of "this great, arrogant gambling scheme, that had in its day brought the good name of a state into disrepute, that had boasted of the prices it paid for the honor of men, and that had robbed a whole nation willing to be robbed, spinning its wheel in a back room in a hot, half-barbarous country and to an audience of gaping Indians and unwashed Honduranian generals."

But perhaps the most fascinating chapter of the book, to those who have a taste for wandering by preference out of "main travelled roads," is the account of what was almost a voyage of discovery to the city of Tegucigalpa, which those who are not experts in geography will probably fail to recognize as the capital of a sovereign state, hidden away as it is behind almost inaccessible mountains. Particularly fresh and pleasant is the description of the somewhat perilous ride for days through the least civilized of all the Central or South American republics, of its natural beauties and the primitive simplicity of its inhabitants. The latter half of the book deals with three places of present or late political interest, Corinto, the Panama Canal, and the city from which so many anxious eyes are to-day turned towards the United States—the capital of Venezuela. There is an excellently instructive map, in the last case, of the territory in dispute, showing the full variety of boundary lines at different periods; but the text gives us no particularly fresh light on the situation. There is, however, a good deal that is interesting about the devotion of the Venezuelans to Washington (based partly on the supposed resemblance of

his career to that of their own great liberator, Simon Bolívar), and a graphic description of Caracas, which Mr. Davis calls the Paris of South America, though people who have been in both places commonly attribute this distinguished title rather to Buenos Ayres.

The account given of the present condition of the Panama Canal is deeply interesting, in view of the possibilities of the place; and the more so as, contrary to a common impression for which some of its past visitors are responsible, instead of "thousands of dollars' worth of locomotive engines and machinery lying rotting and rusting in the swamps," all the plant was found by Mr. Davis in excellent order and condition, and, though only 800 men are now working where 12,000 once toiled, the work accomplished by the latter remains. Mr. Davis's experience may be of present practical value in another particular, by the accurate picture which he gives of the results of republican institutions as they are understood by a race "no more fit for them than they are for an arctic expedition." "The only time," he tells us, "in Central America when our privacy was absolutely unmolested, and when we felt as free to walk abroad as though we were on the streets of New York, was when we were under the protection of the hated monarchical institution of Great Britain at Belize, but never when we were in any of those disorganized military camps called free republics." Apart from the information it contains, the book, as we have said, is pleasant and easy reading. It is not worth while to dwell at length on small faults of style, and occasionally of taste. Mr. Davis is apparently unmoved by unkind remarks about "shall" and "will"; and, after all, we can forgive much to a writer who has his quick eye for seeing and his talent for agreeable description.

"Studies in Early Victorian Literature"

By Frederic Harrison. New York: Edward Arnold.

MR. HARRISON'S new volume is made up of essays that appeared in *The Forum* during 1894 and 1895. The prefatory note tells us that they "have been carefully revised and partly rewritten after due consideration of various suggestions and criticisms both in England and in America"; and they are materially the better for the process. An introductory paper on the "Characteristics of Victorian Literature" is followed by essays on Carlyle, Macaulay, Disraeli, Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Charles Kingsley, Anthony Trollope and George Eliot. The "central note" of the Victorian literature, according to Mr. Harrison, is "the dominant influence of sociology—enthusiasm for social truths as an instrument of social reform." A minor characteristic is "the extreme diversity of its form," the literature of the time presenting a dozen styles, while that of former periods had but one or two. This is equally true in poetry and prose. The preponderance of the "subjective" over the "objective" is also to be noted; as also the vast amount of scholarly and thoughtful work, "and yet so little of the first rank." Our critic believes—and he may be right—that "elaborate culture casts chill looks on original ideas,"—that "a highly organized code of culture may give us good manners, but it is the death of genius."

So the great advance in the material comfort of life "dries up the very sources of prose romance, even more than it ruins poetry"; and, though "comfort, electric light, railway sleeping-cars, and equality are excellent things," they are "the death of romance." Perhaps; but let a genius really appear in the literary world, and we shall see if these mere accidents of modern life will interfere with his showing himself to be a genius. A man of talent—which we may frankly acknowledge Mr. Harrison himself to be—may feel the hampering and restrictive influences of the age as a man of genius would not. Our critic, it seems to us, begs the question. First catch your genius, and see how his environment—to use a word overworn in these latter days—will affect him. Very few of the authors whom he considers, hardly

one of the present generation, can be placed in this eminent rank; and we cannot estimate the possibilities of the superior by the attainments of the inferior. Nevertheless, there is much food for thought in Mr. Harrison's speculations.

"Criminal Sociology"

By Enrico Ferri. D. Appleton & Co.

THIS IS THE second volume in the Criminology Series, edited by W. Douglas Morrison. It is a product of the new Italian school of criminology, which is now challenging the attention of students of crime and criminals in all lands. Mr. Ferri, who is a professor of criminal law and a member of the Italian Parliament, terms it the "positive" school, but what he means by this we cannot clearly discern. He speaks of it, also, as the "experimental" school, yet we do not find any record of experiments in his pages, and in one place he recognizes their futility in such investigations as he is engaged in:—"For moral and social facts, unlike physical and biological facts, experiment is very difficult and frequently impossible, observation in this domain being the greatest aid to scientific research" (p. 51); and his practice, as shown in this work, is strictly in accordance with this view. Indeed, we fail to find in this Italian school, which so loudly proclaims its originality, anything essentially new or original in method, nor are we obliged to add, in its established conclusions. It seems to be in an inchoate state, and its teachings, in some important points, appear to be of doubtful validity. We cannot see, for instance, how the shape of a man's skull, or his physiognomy, can be termed a cause of crime; all such anatomical considerations seem to us beside the mark. Prof. Ferri is altogether too prone to treat mere empirical generalizations as laws of nature of unquestionable validity. For instance, in speaking of punishment, he says that "it is a psychological law that man, in regard to punishment as to any other kind of suffering, is more affected by the certainty than by the gravity of the infliction" (p. 87). Yet this proposition is obviously liable to many exceptions, and therefore cannot properly be termed a law. We are suspicious, too, of what he calls "the law of criminal saturation," which is stated as follows:—"Just as in a given volume of water, at a given temperature, we find a solution of a fixed quantity of any chemical substance, not an atom more or less, so in a given social environment, in certain defined physical conditions of the individual, we find the commission of a fixed number of crimes" (p. 76).

While we disagree with many of Prof. Ferri's views, and fail to find in his work the originality of method that he claims for it, there is not a little in his discussion that is well worthy of attention. His classification of criminals, for instance, is excellent. He divides them first into confirmed (or habitual) and occasional criminals, and affirms that, in his judgment, the data of criminal anthropology are not entirely applicable except to the former class, which is again sub-divided into those who are more or less insane, those who are born with criminal dispositions and tendencies, and those who are brought up in a criminal atmosphere and educated in crime from their childhood. Occasional criminals are again divided into those who are led away by want or some other strong temptation, or by special facilities for committing crime, and those who are led into criminal acts by the force of some overwhelming passion. The author dwells at some length on the characteristics of these various classes, and on the treatment appropriate to each.

Another noteworthy point in his discussion is his study of the causes of crime, though in this particular we cannot think his treatment so successful. He recognizes five distinct classes of causes: the organic constitution of the criminal; his mental and moral constitution; his personal and individual characteristic; physical causes, such as climate and season; and finally, social factors. He endeavors, by the use of statistics and otherwise, to show the relative importance of these

various causes; but he greatly underrates the importance of the moral and mental qualities of the criminal, which are the only direct causes, and dwells almost exclusively on the other factors, whose influence is only secondary.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of Prof. Ferri's criticism of existing penal methods and criminal procedure, which occupies a large part of his book, and some points in which are sure to excite criticism themselves. He underrates the power of punishment as a deterrent force, yet admits that it is a necessity. His suggestions for reforms in criminal procedure are worthy of attention; but only a criminal lawyer or judge would be competent to criticise them. While the book as a whole cannot be regarded as satisfactory, it will be found helpful and provocative of thought.

"A Woman Intervenes"

Or, The Mistress of the Mine. By Robert Barr. Illustrated by Hall Hurst. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

TO TELL a story that goes with a rush from beginning to end, in which "the plot thickens" from chapter to chapter, while we learn to like the characters better and better, without fearing for a moment that Max Nordau will have to be called in at the end to label them with wondrous names; to do all this is, indeed, to add



Robert Barr

to the scanty stock of gaiety of a supernaturally serious generation. We learn nothing from this story, find in it not a single new problem, and yet we think that it has done us more good than the two readings of "Jude" which the reviewer's thankless profession has forced upon us. We might remark, after the feast, that the character drawing of the story is most elementary, especially where the men are concerned, that the simplicity of two of them is almost beyond belief, and that the plot is a little too good to be true, but we shall do nothing of the kind. We were, however, discontented with the author when, at the last moment, he frustrated the plans of Miss Dolly Dimple of the New York *Argus*, who had succeeded in wheedling the secret of the mines out of one of the young Englishmen sent to Canada to inspect them for an English syndicate; and we suppose it was original sin that made us hate the fine young English girl who kept her from sending her information to America. But Mr. Barr repents, and makes it all right in the end. He even succeeds in making us like the English girl as heartily as we sympathized with the shrewd, unscrupulous, self-reliant American newspaper woman.

There are two climaxes in this story. The first one, already referred to, takes place on board the Caloric while that steamer lies disabled off the Irish coast. The second is reached in the offices of a mining company in Ottawa, and decides the fate of all

the characters in the book. And when John Kenyon enters this office precisely at three minutes to twelve, we feel as excited and happy as we did in our younger days, when, in the last act of "Around the World in Eighty Days," Mr. Phineas Fogg entered the club-room on the stroke of the clock and won his bet. We have refrained from giving even the slightest indication of the plot of this story, because it would be unfair to both author and reader to do so. The novel, we wish to repeat for the benefit of serious-minded novel-readers, has no importance whatever. It tells a good story in a capital way, which makes us willing to overlook the slight defects from which, after all, but a very few books are entirely free.

An Idyl of the North

A Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone. From the Danish of Holger Drachmann, by F. F. Browne. Chicago: Way & Williams.

THE TITLE of this attractive romance suggests a comparison between the methods of an artist of Scandinavian race and the French predecessor whom he imitates. The contrast may be most distinct and vivid, and yet an essential harmony may be at the base of the association. In Bernardin de St. Pierre—the delicate naturalist, the accomplished man of genius, affluent in his Latin wealth of speech, the traveler, botanist and petted frequenter of brilliant French salons, all a-throb with the gushing and eloquent sentimentality of Rousseau, his master—one sees a refined specimen of an intellectually triumphant race working at a tragedy of which he is full, embroidering it with all the flowers of pathos and eloquence, breathing into it all the artificial elegances of the literary *petit-maitre*, and producing a masterpiece of tender word-painting. The harmonious sweetness of Fénelon combines with a Virgilian grace and the easy fluency of Plutarch to render immortal this pastoral of the tropics, which wrings the heart while it ravishes the imagination.

The Scandinavian imitator is an artist, too, but of a different strain: Chateaubriand's "Angel of Melancholy" might well typify St. Pierre's exquisite work, but some ruder suggestion would have to embody the rough, quick, alert and powerful ideal of the Dane. For the Frenchman's fluency, we have the Scandinavian's curtess; for flowers of rhetoric, we have sparks of fire; instead of flowing folds of abundant and graceful speech, short, downright, abrupt, often unmelodious, sentences fall thickly as snowflakes on the pages and penetrate the soul with their strange pathos; instead of tropic scenery in the Isle of France, there is a savage, stubborn, sea-torn, storm-riven Norwegian coast, where the tragedy unfolds and drives its nails deep into the heart; and polite, affable, gay-hearted and picturesque French runaways in brown skins are replaced by rugged, almost sinister, Northern natures, in which one catches, as it were, the gleam of wolfish teeth, the half-barbarism of a semi-civilized race, which a boisterous climate has moulded to unnatural strength. Intensely interesting is this story of Nanna and Tönnes and the old smith and the half-viking of an old sea-captain, and it is well translated. The story loses nothing in comparison with the real "Paul and Virginia": it rather shows most interestingly what two different men of genius can do, working at the same theme.

English Literature and Readers

TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM" has been added to Rolfe's well-known Student's Series of Standard English Poems for Schools and Colleges. The high standing attained by the former volumes in this series will undoubtedly be reached by this new one, which contains the same evidences of patient research and mastery of his subject on the part of the editor. This edition of "In Memoriam" was begun more than ten years ago, but laid aside for more pressing work; and in its creation it is more than probable that all variations of the text were collated. The notes are full and interesting, and lead the student far afield occasionally into the rich pastures of English song. The edition, while primarily intended for students and teachers, will be found most welcome by all lovers of Tennyson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

RECENT ADDITIONS to Macmillan's English Classics are Tennyson's "Lancelot and Elaine," edited, with introduction and notes, by Prof. F. J. Rowe of the Presidency College, Calcutta; Lamb's "Essays of Elia," edited by Profs. N. L. Hallward of Ravenshaw College and S. C. Hill of Hooghly College, India; and Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth," edited by Mr. K. Deighton, who has already done much good work in this excellent series, which, though primarily prepared for Anglo-Indian students, is well suited to the purposes of secondary schools elsewhere. The introductions are scholarly, and the notes very full. (Macmillan & Co.)

MACAULAY'S "Essay on Milton," edited by J. G. Croswell, and Webster's "First Bunker Hill Oration," edited by Prof. F. H. Scott, have just been added to Longman's English Classics. Both are well equipped with biographical and critical introductions, explanatory notes, suggestions to teachers, and other helpful matter. We have seen no fitter school editions of these works, which are now included in the preparatory reading required by all the leading colleges of the country. In the same series Irving's "Tales of a Traveller," with an introduction by Prof. Brander Matthews, and notes, etc., by Prof. George R. Carpenter; Scott's "Woodstock," with introduction and notes by Prof. Bliss Perry of the College of New Jersey; and Defoe's "History of the Plague in London," similarly prepared by Prof. George R. Carpenter, are for the most part very well done, indeed, the illustrative matter being ample and accurate; but Prof. Carpenter's style can hardly be commended as a model for young students. He has a bad habit of cumbering his sentences with parenthetical clauses which had better be omitted, or, if admitted, could be better arranged. The first two sentences of the introduction are a fair illustration of his English:—"The great journalist and novelist, Daniel Defoe, was born in a parish of London frequently referred to in the 'Journal of the Plague Year,' that of St. Giles, Cripplegate, in 1659, of a family of Flemish extraction, whose name, Foe, he changed, in middle life, for reasons not easy to understand, to De Foe or Defoe. His father, a butcher by trade and a dissenter by religion, placed his son, in 1673, at an academy near London, where he was prepared for the ministry under the charge of Charles Morton, afterwards a prominent clergyman at Charlestown, Massachusetts, and vice-president of Harvard College, a man of learning and originality, whose excellent habit it was to drill his pupils, with more than usual care, in the use of their mother-tongue, as well as in the ancient and modern languages." There are many sentences longer and looser, but these will serve as average specimens. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

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DEFOE'S "Journal of the Plague," with notes, has been added to Maynard's English Classics Series. (Maynard, Merrill & Co.)

RECENT ADDITIONS to the Students' Series of English Classics are: "Burke on Conciliation," edited by L. Du P. Syle; and "Macaulay's Life of Johnson," edited by G. Bradford, Jr. (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn).—"WEBSTER'S Bunker Hill Oration" and "Burke on Conciliation with America," both edited by A. J. George, have been issued in Heath's English Classics Series. (D. C. Heath & Co.)—A RECENT number of the English Readings, published by Henry Holt & Co., contains Johnson's "Rasselas," with introduction and notes by O. F. Emerson.—THE FOURTH of Longman's "Ship" Literary Readers, which is before us, contains short extracts from contemporary writers, narratives by A. Conan Doyle, Sir Samuel Baker and others, poetry by B. W. Procter and Mary Mapes Dodge, natural history by J. G. Wood. The idea is an excellent one, as children can easily be interested in writers of whom they hear their elders speak. The make-up is of the usual sort. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—MRS. ARTHUR GASKIN'S "A. B. C." steers clear of both Scylla and Charybdis, so to speak, in providing pretty but not luxurious nor highly finished pictures, and rhymes in easy English which are not silly. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

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"MASTERPIECES of British Literature" contains specimens of Ruskin, Lord Macaulay, Dr. John Brown, Tennyson, Dickens, Wordsworth, Burns, Lamb, Coleridge, Byron, Cowper, Gray, Goldsmith, Addison, Steele, Milton, and Bacon, with biographical sketches, brief footnotes, and portraits, all in a neat volume of 480 pages. The selections are exceptionally good, and the book is the best of its kind that we have seen. There is a demand for such books in many schools, particularly where the expense of separate editions of works by standard authors is a bar to their use; and for such schools this manual may be confidently commended. As the preface says, it "does not profess to be a comprehensive survey of British literature, but such a compilation from the writings of story-tellers, poets and essayists, as may give an appreciative reader a generous draught from the well of good English." It is much to be preferred to certain books of about the same compass, which give mere fragments of a hundred or more authors. The portraits appear to be new (not the familiar ones in the publishers' attractive "Portrait Catalogue"), and they are uncommonly good in their way. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—A SERIES OF "Children's Stories in Literature," by Hen-

rietta C. Wright, of which several volumes have appeared, has deservedly met with favor among parents and teachers. The new volume, on "American Literature, 1660-1860," is sure to be no less heartily welcomed. Audubon, Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Prescott, Whittier, Hawthorne, Bancroft, Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Motley, Lowell, Parkman and Holmes are the authors treated in the 250 pages of large type. Though not primarily intended as a text-book for schools, it is well adapted to such use, as well as to home reading. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

French and German Books

AN EDITION of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," in one volume, has been prepared by A. de Rougemont, who, considering that "everybody wants everything done quickly," has brought the masterpiece "within reach of all who read French by just omitting what does not bear directly on the story." He assures us that "this has been done very carefully, leaving the whole tale continuous, absolutely untouched, in the words of the master writer. A few less important portions have been replaced by brief summaries." There may be those who, notwithstanding the desire to have "everything done quickly," will prefer to read the story as it was originally written; others may thank M. de Rougemont for having done for Victor Hugo what Mr. Stead is doing for—or, rather, to—English authors. (W. R. Jenkins.) The same publisher has brought out Jules Claretie's "La Frontière," edited, with an introduction and English notes, by C. A. Eggert (Contes Choisis); a second edition of the "First Course in French Conversation, Recitation and Reading" of Charles P. Du Croquet; Bornier's "La Fille de Roland," edited by W. L. Montague, in the Théâtre Contemporain; and Racine's "Athalie," with biography, Biblical references, and notes by C. Fontaine, in his series of Classiques Français.—A SERIES OF extracts from Daudet's "Le Nabab," following the development of the story closely, has been edited and annotated by Benjamin W. Wells, who has also provided a short critical introduction on the author's work as a whole. (Ginn & Co.)—THREE NEW VOLUMES in Heath's Modern Language Series are "Lectures Courantes" by C. Fontaine, "Le Premier Livre de Français," by Louise S. Hotchkiss, and "Le Cid," edited by F. M. Warren. (D. C. Heath & Co.)—THE SECOND PART of H. A. Guerber's "Contes et Légendes" cannot fail to interest the pupil. The stories chosen are of the best. (Am. Book Co.)—THE "German and French Poems" prescribed by the Examinations Department of the University of the State of New York have been published in a little volume, with the music to some of the German poems. (Henry Holt & Co.)—"LE FRANÇAIS IDIOMATIQUE," by Victor F. Bernard, consists of French idioms and proverbs, with French and English exercises. (W. R. Jenkins.)—"SELECTED ESSAYS from Sainte-Beuve," with introduction, etc., by J. R. Effinger, Jr., has been added to the International Modern Language Series. (Ginn & Co.)

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"A PRACTICAL German Grammar," by Calvin Thomas, is based upon the principle that the aim to be obtained in study is "the language, not the grammar." The author, who is Professor of Germanic Languages and Literatures in the University of Michigan, keeps this difference in view throughout the book, which is intended, of course, for students or pupils that have passed the days of childhood. (Henry Holt & Co.)—TO THE NUMBER of German readers already at the disposal of teachers have been added "Legends of German Heroes of the Middle Ages," being selections from Prof. Johannes Schrammen's "Deutsche Heldensagen," with notes, vocabulary, etc., by A. R. Lechner, in Maynard's German Texts (Maynard, Merrill & Co.); "Three German Tales"—by Goethe, Zschokke and Kleist,—edited by A. B. Nichols; Ernst Wichert's one-act comedy, "An der Majors-ecke," Heinrich Zschokke's "Das Abenteuer der Neujahrsnacht" und "Der Zerbrochene Krug"; and "A German Reader for Beginners," by Charles Harris (Henry Holt & Co.); Gerwinus's "Vergleichung Goethes und Schillers, Lessings und Herders," Bürger's "Lenore" and "Klopstock's Bedeutung für sein Zeitalter," by C. L. Cholevius, in the Germania Texts; and Leander's "Träumereien," edited by Amalie Hanstein (Am. Book Co.); "Emilia Galotti," by Lessing, with introduction and notes by Max Poll (Ginn & Co.); Scheffel's "Der Trompeter von Säckingen," edited by Carla Wenckebach, and Benedix's "Die Hochzeitsreise," edited by Natalie Schiefferdecker, in Heath's Modern Language Series. (D. C. Heath & Co.)

Miscellaneous Educational Books

KINDERGARTNERS will find their working literature much enriched by two books just from the press, "Songs and Music of Fröbel's Mother Play," arranged by Susan E. Blow (D. Appleton & Co.), and "Fröbel's Gifts," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The first of these is a new translation of the songs of Fröbel. Comparison of these translations with the original German shows a rendering so free as to hardly entitle them to rank as translations; they are largely new productions, a fact greatly in their favor. These songs are notable for their agreeable rhyme and wholesome contents, and may well give place to much of the trash now in use. The music seems to be well adapted. An especially valuable feature of the book is the excellent reproduction of the illustrations from the Lange edition, now out of print.—"FRÖBEL'S GIFTS" is an excellent work, well calculated to counteract the evils which obtain in kindergarten methods throughout the country. It treats the subject from a practical and, at the same time, philosophical standpoint, with implacable warfare against "machine" methods, memorizing, meaningless sing-song repetition of words and other monstrous evils, which destroy the kindergarten as a means of thought inspiration. The appearance of such a book as this cannot but be a great consolation to those who, with Schiller, believe that "deep meaning oft lies hid in childish play." The practical kindergarten director will find this a serviceable hand-book for daily reference.

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THE FIRST THREE numbers of the Wayside Course Series issued by the Chautauqua Century Press are excellent little books. The first, "Studies in American Colonial Life," by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, is remarkable for the amount of curious and interesting matter which the author has managed to compress into sixty small pages of large type. We can imagine nothing better for school use as a companion or supplement to the ordinary American histories. For popular reading it is equally suited, being as fascinating in its way as Miss Wilkins's tales of the same period. No. 2, in the same compass, contains essays on "How to Study History, Literature and the Fine Arts," by Profs. A. B. Hart, Maurice Thompson and Charles M. Fairbanks, respectively, all of whom deal with their subjects sensibly and practically. No. 3 is made up of selections from "American Literature," ranging from Cotton Mather to Charles Dudley Warner, with brief notes and comments from the best critics and reviewers. The selections, both in prose and verse, are chosen with good taste and judgment, and most of them are fresh and unhackneyed. (Meadville, Pa.: Food & Vincent.)

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WE HAVE received two numbers of another series, the New Education in the Church Series. The first is on "The Bible as Literature," by W. F. Moulton, M. A., of St. John's College, Cambridge. The history, lyric literature, prophecy, and parable of the Scriptures are considered in successive chapters, and their literary value and attractiveness are well set forth. An elaborate "table of literary forms" in the Bible is appended, with references to examples in the Old Testament. No. 2 of this series is "The Golden Rule in Business," by Charles F. Dole, who shows what the rule really means, though men often "explain it away," and insists upon its practicability in this workaday world, where it is so often ignored or assumed to be inapplicable. Its bearings upon trade, politics, labor and social relations in general are defined and illustrated. Several pages of questions are appended for use in schools and clubs. The book is particularly adapted for Sunday-school study. (Meadville, Pa.: Food & Vincent.)

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"AN OUTLINE STUDY of United States History," by Harlow Godard, has been planned to extend through forty weeks. The book gives, besides the outlines of leading events, directions for studying each topic, a list of books for reference, and a review at the close of each study. (Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.)—THE DOCUMENTS relating to the Stamp Act of 1765 form the contents of No. 21 of the American History Leaflets, edited by Albert Bushnell Hart and Edward Channing. (New York: A. Lovell & Co.)—EDWARD EGGLESTON'S "Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans," second reader grade, have the double and equally laudable aim of teaching the youngsters history and reading. (Am. Book Co.)—THE SERIES OF National Geographic Monographs, prepared under the auspices of the National

Geographic Society, begun last year, now contains, among others, the following pamphlets:—"Physiographic Processes" and "Physiographic Regions of the United States," by John W. Powell; "The Northern Appalachians," by Bailey Willis, "Niagara Falls and their History," by G. K. Gilbert, and "Mount Shasta—A Typical Volcano," by J. S. Diller. These monographs are intended to amplify and supplement the general statements of the average text-book on geography. (Am. Book Co.)—THE ELEMENTS of Chemistry, by Dr. Paul C. Freer, is especially designed "to familiarize the pupil with the general aspects of chemical changes, using only a few of the most important elements and compounds for the purposes of illustration." (Boston: Allyn & Bacon.)—A VOLUME OF "Lessons in Elementary Botany," for secondary schools, is from the pen of Thomas H. MacBride. (Boston: Allyn & Bacon.)

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THE SUPERIORITY of vertical over slanting penmanship has come of late years to be generally recognized. German pedagogues and physicians, with the terrible Teutonic thoroughness to which the world owes so large a debt of gratitude, have studied the question from all sides, and concluded that the vertical system is not only preferable for speed, but also for hygienic reasons, the position assumed in sloping writing being productive of spinal curvature in children. Two systems of vertical writing now in use are "Merrill's Vertical Penmanship" (Maynard, Merrill & Co.) and "The Educational System of Vertical Penmanship," prepared by Anna E. Hill, (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn). The Merrill system consists of three series, from the very rudiments of writing to a supplemental series of social and business forms for the use of children of a much larger growth. The Educational System has, besides the regular course of examples to be followed on ruled lines, a "tracing course" with the letters and words dimly indicated for the beginner.—A REVISED edition of Mary E. Burt's "Little Nature Studies for Little People" has recently been published. We called attention to this admirable little book at the time of its first appearance, and are glad to see that it has reached the distinction of a second edition, which it so fully deserved. (Ginn & Co.)—"NATURE IN VERSE," compiled by Mary I. Lovejoy, is a collection of poems by many writers on Nature in all her moods and all her seasons. (Silver, Burdett & Co.)—THE "SECOND HALF"—or, more precisely, the first part of the second half—of Eduard König's "Lehrgebäude der Hebräischen Sprache" has recently appeared. It follows the "first half" after an interval of fourteen years, and is elaborate and comprehensive in proportion to the time spent upon it. The morphology is now completed, and is illustrated by a wealth of citations and an ample discussion of difficult forms which make it a storehouse of linguistic facts. A vast amount of material for the study of noun-tymologies and formations is presented; and the treatment of the numerals, prepositions and particles is especially ample. The volume is more compact in style than its predecessor, and its contents are on the whole richer. It will be indispensable to all advanced students of Hebrew. (Lemcke & Buechner.)

The Fine Arts

"The Study of Art in Universities"

DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN's inaugural lecture as Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Cambridge is more remarkable for its general good sense than for novelty of matter, or perfection of form. A more complete contrast there could hardly be than that between Prof. Waldstein and the remarkable writer he has succeeded. To the former the world of art has not made a forward step since the building of the Parthenon; and he is interested in art, not as work, or as a means of enjoyment, but as a subject of study, which, with him, is mainly archaeological. Yet there is much in his little book that is well-considered and judicious. He maintains that the artist should have a good, all-round university education, which would doubtless be good, provided the artist were capable of completely absorbing it, but we fear that it would often result in making him either less of a man or less of an artist. The case of the amateur, or lover of art, he considers but little; still, he shows that universities may do much in the way of guiding taste. The other objects which he proposes the study of art in universities should serve, are the training of competent curators for museums and galleries, historians, "experts" and critics. Incidentally he defends the nude, and points out the danger of too much empiricism in industrial matters. (Harper & Bros.)

MacMonnies's "Venus and Adonis"

THIS NEW GROUP in bronze, by Mr. MacMonnies, which has been placed on exhibition in the show-window of Theodore B. Starr, in Fifth Avenue, has all the grace and piquancy which we have come to look for as a matter of course in the works of this young sculptor. Mr. MacMonnies's Queen of Love is, as it might



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have been foretold that she would be, a roguish Scotch lassie, and the handsome youth on whom she leans in an attitude which may have been suggested by a figure on some antique cist, is as well-marked a type. Both figures are beautifully modelled, although the Venus is plainly a woman, with nothing about her to suggest the goddess. As a composition this is one of the best of the sculptor's smaller works.

Mr. MacMonnies will, it is said, pay a visit to America early in the present year.

"Lithographs at the Grolier Club"

IT WAS A happy thought to signalize the centenary of artistic lithography by an exhibition, at the Grolier Club, of a collection of prints by means of which the history of the art may be followed since its invention in 1796. The examples exhibited are chronologically arranged. The visitor may begin with the simple pen-drawings of fragments of Roman pottery attributed to the inventor, Senefelder, and proceed, consulting, as he goes, the really helpful catalogue, to the specimens of the revival lately started in France, which has already made itself felt here in the establishment of a Society of Painters on Stone. This young Society is unrepresented in the exhibition; probably because it has as yet done little to bring it prominently before the public. Of the many rare and important prints shown, we can point to those only which display in some striking manner the special advantages of the art. Horace Vernet's "Lancer," and an earlier group of horsemen by an anonymous artist, are the earliest specimens to show a special feeling for the new medium. But the qualities of touch called for by the soft lithographic crayon are also present in Sam Prout's sketch of "Part of the Church at Argue," in Vigneron's group of portraits and Aubrey Lecomte's rendering of a group of Ossianic heroes, conceived in the coldly classic manner of Girodet-Trios.

son. The delicate, silvery tones which are the sole charm of this last example are brought to the utmost degree of refinement in the delightful little drawing of a winding stair with a lady and a cavalier descending, by Jean Baptiste Isabey.

In Gericault's otherwise fine study of a horse being shod by a blacksmith, we do not find this appreciation of the special facilities of the new art, but they are developed very freely in Goya's curious and interesting sketch of a Spanish bull-fight, and more fully yet in Delacroix's "Lion of Atlas," "Tiger" and "Macbeth and the Witches." Decamps's little drawing of a fox-hunter is to be noted for the intricacy and crispness of the foliage. Of the admirable, but much over-praised, Raffet there are some excellent examples; and there is a fine impression of Daumier's greatest and most brutal work, "Le Ventre Législatif." A capital example of Menzel, who was one of the greatest of lithographers of to-day, is his "Christ in the Temple," which it were interesting to compare, on the score of realism, with Holman Hunt's elaborate painting of the same subject. Menzel's doctors of the law, evidently such types as may be met with in the synagogues of to-day, are much more convincing than the English painter's; and we must say the same of his Christ, who is none the less attractive for being so very real. As a lithograph, the print has every quality proper to the art. After this, the visitor may be inclined to pass more rapidly than he should the portraits of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, by Gavarni, Charles Jacque's "The Fisherman," and even the rare print of Millet's "Sower." But these are well worth studying, and so are quite a number of more modern works, among them a cartoon by Félicien Rops, a sketch by Manet, and Whistler's dainty little drawing, "The Toilet." We hope that this remarkably successful exhibition may be followed by others of artistic lithographs of the present day in black-and-white and in colors.

Art Notes

MR. JOHN FLANAGAN, a young American sculptor now resident in Paris, has just completed a female figure of Commerce, to be placed in the marble rotunda of the Congressional Library at Washington. He is modelling for the same institution a large clock, with several figures the size of life. Other works on which he is now engaged are a "Runner," crouching for the start, and a portrait bust of a grandson of Prof. Mapes. Mr. Flanagan was born in Newark, and received his training at the Cooper Institute and in Mr. St. Gaudens's studio.

The bill providing for the creation of an Art Commission of the United States, recently introduced in the House by Mr. L. Quigg of New York, has been introduced, with certain amendments, in the Senate, by Senator Hansbrough of North Dakota. The amendments, as accepted by the Senate, make the membership of the Commission as follows: One member is to be appointed by the President for a term of two years, and two others chosen by the Senate, one for a term of two years, and the other for four, and two others chosen by the House of Representatives for similar two-year and four-year terms. The jurisdiction of the commission includes "valuable history records and manuscripts" as well as works of art. The need of some such bill as this is keenly felt by the public in general as well as by our artists; yet the suggested subdivision of the appointive power shows an appreciation of politics rather than art.

At a meeting of the Washington Arch Committee, held on Feb. 28, Mr. MacMonnies's models of the groups of statuary for the pedestals on the north front of the Arch were unanimously accepted. They represent Washington in war and in peace, and consist of several figures. The total cost of the two groups in marble will be \$30,000, for which subscriptions will be invited.

The numbers of *The Portfolio* for December and January are devoted, the first to the little-known Flemish painter and illuminator, Gerard David of Bruges, the second to "The Picture Gallery of Charles I." Photogravures and other reproductions of paintings attributed to David are given, and the writer of the monograph, Mr. W. H. James Weale of the British National Art Library, adds half-tones after several of the illuminations of the famous Grimani Breviary, claiming that they were executed either by David or after his designs. The collection of pictures made by Charles I. included many famous masterpieces, some of which are now in the British National Gallery, while others are scattered through Europe. It was a good idea to trace them out and in a measure reconstitute this splendid gallery, as Mr. Claude Phillips has done with admirable judgment.

Music

"The Scarlet Letter"

THE DÉBUT of Mr. Walter Damrosch as a composer of grand opera was the interesting feature of the musical week ending March 7. It was a bold and hazardous enterprise for a young man who had never composed anything but a few ephemeral songs, to assault the perilous heights of the lyric drama and put forth an opera as his *opus 1*. That Mr. Damrosch has met with so much kindly consideration is due rather to the courage of his undertaking, to his local popularity and to his display of musical skill than to any intrinsic value in his first work, extracts from which were performed in this city at a concert of the Symphony Society on January 4 and 5 of last year. No one probably knows better than Mr. Damrosch that it is artistically a failure; but it is a work which shows earnestness and devotion, though not inspiration. The opera is called "*The Scarlet Letter*," and the libretto was made by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, from Hawthorne's novel. This libretto is far and away above the average level of opera books. It is a commendable piece of literary workmanship. Mr. Lathrop has shown uncommon skill in construction, and the significant incidents and emotional states of Hawthorne's story are presented compactly. The verse is not smooth nor melodious, but the recent performances did not do it justice, because none of the singers had much acquaintance with the English tongue.

Mr. Damrosch's music might have been more interesting, had the subject been one of less unbroken gloom. But the story begins with remorse as its key-note and there is no escape from that until Dimmesdale is dead. Hence the music is sombre and at times harsh. Mr. Damrosch has made Wagner his model, and a very poor model he is for a young composer. He has imitated the Bayreuth genius much too closely, and the results are not good. His instrumentation, too, although made with musicianly skill and a full knowledge of orchestral color, is overladen and often noisy. The real excellences of the work are Hester's "Song by the Brook" and the madrigal sung by the passing pilgrims. These are the two numbers which give foundation for the hope that, when Mr. Damrosch has turned aside from the Wagnerian path and aimed at giving full play to such originality as he may possess, he will write something possessing vitality. "*The Scarlet Letter*," interesting as the experiment of a young man of ambition and courage, cannot long survive. It is without the necessary fascination of originality. The performance of the opera was interesting in some respects. For instance, the choral parts, which are of great extent, were beautifully sung. Fräulein Johanna Gadski made a sympathetic and convincing picture of Hester, whom she represented as a woman wholly under the sway of a blind, passionate adoration. The other members of the cast were not interesting, and most of them were distinctly incompetent. No one could possibly grieve over the downfall of such a wooden personage as Herr Barron Berthold's Dimmesdale. Mr. Damrosch conducted the performance and permitted the orchestra to make too much noise.

The Drama

Mr. and Mrs. Taber at Palmer's

IN CONSIDERING this representation of "*Romeo and Juliet*," it is only fair to remember that it is offered in an unpretentious manner, without any undue preliminary flourish of trumpets, and with a cast which does not assume to be anything more than a serviceable travelling company. Mr. Robert Taber and his wife, Julia Marlowe Taber, although they have been before the public for some years, are still at the beginning of their careers, and should therefore be judged, not so much by their actual achievement, as by the spirit and purpose of their endeavor. From any point of view their interpretation of Shakespeare's immortal love tragedy is entitled to respectful and appreciative comment. Its shortcomings are obvious, but, in the present situation, excusable. Owing to the stupid greed of many of our managers, the race of actors trained in the legitimate drama is almost extinct, and the few survivors cannot be collected easily, nor without cost. Of fresh material there is an abundance, but education is a matter of time. It would be unjust, therefore, to hold Mr. and Mrs. Taber too strictly to an account for the shortcomings of many of their associates, and it would be equally unjust not to recognize the manner in which they have availed themselves of the means at their disposal.

In the first place, they have exhibited a becoming reverence for

the Shakespearian text. In the second, they have shown liberality and taste in the matter of scenery and costumes. In the third, they have expended much labor, not always with the best results, in the drilling of supernumeraries. The scenic sets, from designs by Mr. Charles A. Platt, are not invariably happy in color, though accurate architecturally, ingenious in arrangement and uncommonly true in perspective. Mr. Platt, presumably, is not responsible for the flat shrubs and flower-pots in the balcony scene, the effect of which is most unfortunate, nor for other splotches of green paint which are supposed to represent foliage. The costumes, with scarcely an exception, are correct and handsome, and the furniture of the interior is rich and appropriate. In the chamber scene there are some sky effects which are particularly striking and natural. Great pains, too, have evidently been taken with the mobes in the street scenes, and several of the tableaux are admirable, although the individual performers are more noisy and active than is altogether necessary. On all sides may be seen the evidences of careful direction.

The chief burden of the acting is borne by Mr. and Mrs. Taber. The latter is a much better actress now than she was when she last played in this city, but has still much to learn. She has grown both in finish and power, but has not succeeded in overcoming her old faults. Her by-play and her changes of facial expression are both excessive, and her restlessness defeats its object. In her first encounter with Romeo, in the effort to convey the idea of sudden passion, her conduct is more suggestive of flirtation, and, in the balcony scene, her over-elaboration and over-deliberation are fatal to illusion. While coaxing the Nurse she is much more natural and effective, but her best work is done in the chamber scene, after her lover's departure and the announcement of her engagement to Paris. There is fine feeling in her rebuke to the Nurse, and genuine emotion in her scene with the Friar. In the potion scene, also, she displays indisputable power; but here, again, her deliberation creates an impression of artifice. Nevertheless, her acting was rewarded by very hearty applause.

Mr. Taber's Romeo, although somewhat deficient in romantic elegance and fervor, is a well-considered and vigorous effort. In the balcony scene he might have displayed more ardor, but his outburst of rage after the death of Mercutio was sufficiently spirited and he acquitted himself very well in the subsequent scene with the Friar. His farewell love scene with Juliet was as ardent and tender as could be wished, and his whole performance was marked by intelligence and ability. That he did so well with such foils as the Mercutio and the Friar Laurence is a most encouraging circumstance. The representation as a whole passed off smoothly, and evoked a liberal measure of applause. It is a highly creditable accomplishment for so young a manager, and has been received with so much cordiality that it is likely to enjoy a considerable share of public favor. "*She Stoops to Conquer*" will be presented on Monday.

"Romeo and Juliet" at Daly's

IT IS NOT necessary to say much about this Shakespearian revival, but the liberality with which it has been effected deserves recognition, especially in these degenerate days when Shakespeare is so seldom put upon the stage. Mrs. Potter, evidently, has expended much anxious labor on her Juliet, and is entitled to credit on that account, conscientious effort being in itself commendable; but the spirit, poetry and tragedy of the part are entirely beyond her present powers, nor is it likely that she ever will be able to comprehend them. The text has been shorn of some of its best-known passages in order to bring it more nearly within the measure of her elocutionary capacity, but even this expedient is powerless to disguise the fatal weaknesses of her delivery. She follows with exact fidelity the instructions given to her with regard to technical details, and goes through the conventional motions with a certain amount of ease and assurance, but her whole performance is mechanical and uninspired, without a moment of illusion, even at such a crisis as the potion scene.

The Romeo of Mr. Bellew is, on the whole, a very satisfactory performance, youthful, attractive, elegant, fervent and romantic, with a fine burst of virile energy in the encounter with Tybalt. In some of his emotional scenes there is a lack of power, but moderation is better than excess. The Mercutio of Mr. Redmond and the Nurse of Mrs. W. G. Jones are also of respectable quality. Concerning the other performers, individually, there is not much good to be said, but the general representation is fairly smooth. Some of the scenic sets, notably the balcony scene, make very pretty pictures, and the costumes are rich and handsome.

Mr. Fitch's "Bohemia"

A GOOD MANY years have gone by since Dion Boucicault produced his play "Mimi," which was founded upon Henri Murger's "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème." It did not achieve very brilliant success, and has been forgotten for a long time by the general public. Now Mr. Clyde Fitch has tried his hand at making a comedy out of the book, and the result of his labors was seen in the Empire Theatre on Monday night. His inexperience is betrayed in his unskillful arrangement of incident and the lack of anything like sustained dramatic interest, but, following closely in the lines marked out by his predecessor, he has provided at least one strong scene, in which the innocent heroine, after her discovery of the perfidy of which she has been the victim, confronts the rich widow who is her rival, and demands the restoration of the lover who has been induced, by false pretences, to desert her. This scene proved the salvation of the play, which up to that point had been received very listlessly. The episodes of life in Bohemia, of which the prologue and first two acts mainly consist, failed to create the intended effect. Their essential spirit had evaporated in the processes of dramatization: the gaiety was forced and hollow, and the personages had lost all vitality and charm.

The responsibility must be divided about equally between the author and the players. The material supplied by the former lacks coherence and substantiality, and the latter emphasize its poverty by their strenuous treatment of it. Mr. Henry Miller strives manfully, but ineffectually, to affect a lightness of touch wholly irreconcilable with his sluggish and monotonous style, and Mr. Faversham, if less heavy, is scarcely less mechanical. Mr. Dodson is exceedingly amusing as the impecunious musician, Schau-mard, but certainly cannot be called natural, while Mr. Crompton—an admirable actor as a rule—seems unable to do anything with the part of the philosophic and rascally valet Baptiste. Miss Elsie de Wolfe is lacking in authority as the rich widow. May Robson, as a harassed landlady, is comical, but not at all French, and Ida Conquest is capital as a fickle grisette. Viola Allen plays the heroine prettily, and in her one good scene exhibits genuine feeling. On the whole, the life of the piece is likely to be of short duration.

The Lounger

FOR AN EXAMPLE of pure imagination I have seen nothing better than the following from a recent number of the London *Graphic*:

"The death is announced of Mr. F. B. Apter, the American humorist, better known under the pseudonym of 'Bill Nye.' He was attacked by paralysis some days ago, and died in New York on Saturday. 'Bill Nye' was the author of the comic 'History of the United States,' and a writer whose brilliant wit is said to have earned for him between five and six thousand pounds a year. He took his pseudonym from Bret Harte's poem about the Heathen Chinee, and the humorous sketches which first appeared under that name some fifteen years ago in the *New World* brought him into popularity immediately."

"F. B. Apter"! Where do you suppose they got that? By "the *New World*" is meant, I suppose, the *New York World*, which published so many of Mr. Nye's sketches.

* * *

A CHARACTER SKETCH of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris appears in the March *Book Buyer*, and with it a pencil sketch from life by its writer, Mr. J. H. Garnsey. In the pen sketch we learn that Mr. Harris is "under the middle height," that he "carries himself with a decided stoop," and that "his body is rotund." This it is easy to discover from the pencil sketch. But I learn more than this from Mr. Garnsey about the creator of "Uncle Remus." I read that he is modest and retiring (which, however, I knew before), and that he is contented with his lot. He is happy in his family life, and lives quietly "amid his roses at his home in the west end of Atlanta." He has the finest "amateur" rose-garden in Atlanta, and is his own gardener. There is no sweeter sound in all that Southern city than "the snipping of the pruning-shears" in the hands of Mr. Harris, who is up betimes tending his plants, which bloom from June to December. Many positions "of great trust and prominence have been offered him," but he snaps his pruning-shears at them all, and answers that "if the greatest position on the round earth were to be offered me, I wouldn't take it." Wise Mr. Harris! We are grateful to you for your determination, for it means an easier time for you and more of your inimitable stories for us.

* * *

IT SEEMS TO disturb the British reviewers that *Life's* genial "Droch" should be named Robert Bridges. They have a Robert Bridges of their own in England, and resent ours. They want him to indicate by some means, when he publishes a book in England, that he is not their British Bridges. Unfortunately, he is not a woman, or he might change his name to oblige them. I really do not see what he can do about it, unless he has printed on the title-pages of his English editions:—Robert Bridges: "Made in America."

* * *

THE MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT are making some very pretty cover designs for their American books. None of them is daintier than that for "A Last Century Maid." Its perfect simplicity is its



greatest charm. Another attractive cover is that of Dr. Abbott's "Colonial Wooing." The most modest cover designer I know of, by the way, is he, or she, who designed the cover for the March *Book News*. There is no name to be found anywhere about it, and yet it is a capital design. I would suggest to the editor of *Book News* that he stick to this cover. He will find it hard to get a better one. It is printed in red, black and green on a pale green ground.

* * *

A NEW YORK PUBLISHER with whom I had the pleasure of a long conversation a few days ago, is of the opinion that the American author is bound to come to the front before very long, and he thinks that the enthusiastic reception of Mr. Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" will have done much to encourage him. I am sure that I hope so, for I find the dearth of American authors depressing. Look at our magazines—not one of them with an American fiction serial except *The Century* and *The Atlantic*, the former with Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's "Tom Grogan," a short novelette; the latter with Miss Jewett's New England tale. "Tom Grogan" is finished in the March number, so that leaves Miss Jewett's the only American serial in the field. Now, don't you suppose that if *The Century* could find an American novelist with the drawing power of Mrs. Humphry Ward, it would be only too glad, or that, if *Harper's* could have found an American story to take the place of "Briseis," or if *Scribner's* could have substituted an equally good American tale for "Sentimental Tommy," they would have jumped at it? Indeed they would. For many reasons—one for the satisfaction of cultivating home talent, another because American authors are not so high-priced as the foreigners. Both of these are important considerations. No American publisher brings out English authors because he personally prefers them to Americans, but solely because he cannot find American writers of the same commercial value. He will in time, however, I feel sure, and the sooner the better for all concerned—except the Britisher!

* * *

I AM A great admirer of the Queen of England as a queen, but in literature I should hardly care to be guided by her judgment. In fiction Miss Marie Corelli is said to be one of her prime favorites, and in poetry she finds pleasure in the verses of Mr. Alfred Austin. A writer in *The English Illustrated* tells us that he is a personal friend of Her Majesty's, who for years has been in the habit of sending him a photograph of herself (what a chance for McClure's "Human Documents"!). The Prime Minister is also his personal friend. With such a backing, I wonder that he was not made Laureate long ago.

* * *

MR. EDMUND GOSSE has been giving some interesting personal reminiscences of the poets Browning and Tennyson to London audiences. I do not know how much of a personal acquaintance Mr. Gosse had with the late Laureate, but I do know that his acquaintance with Browning was quite intimate, and I have among my treasured possessions a letter that Browning wrote to Mr. Gosse in answer to a question that I had asked him (Mr. Gosse) concerning Browning's poetry. Mr. Gosse says that he did not know the Browning whom some of his admirers liken to "Marcus Aurelius and John the Baptist rolled into one," but he did know the Browning who was "an unostentatious, keen and active man of the world, one who never failed to give good practical advice in matters of business and conduct, who loved his friends, but certainly hated his enemies, a man alive in every eager, passionate nerve of him, a man who loved to discuss people and affairs, and a bit of a gossip and a bit of a partisan, too, and not without his humorous prejudices." He dressed as other men of his class dressed, and if he had an eye for the picturesque, he did not show it in the cut or color of the clothes that he wore. Tennyson, on the contrary, was possessed "with the instinct of picturesque singularity." He wore his hair long and wrapped himself in a purple cloak when he took his walks abroad, and then wondered why people stared at him. Mr. Gosse liked Tennyson for wearing a purple cloak, and he also liked Browning because he did not wear one.

* * *

I WONDER WHAT is the connection between poetry and cloaks, not necessarily purple? I could name a number of poets here in America, who would give a good deal if they had the courage of their passion for cloaks. There is one whom you know well, who takes any and every excuse for wearing a cloak. I have often seen him wrapped in it at night, but I do not think that he has yet had the temerity to don it in broad daylight. Artists also have the same passion, but most of them have smothered it, as well as the passion for long hair. No doubt long cloaks and long hair are picturesque, and to certain features becoming, but they do not seem quite in keeping with the practical tendencies of the time—tendencies that even poets share with other and less gifted mortals.

London Letter

ON MONDAY AFTERNOON, in the presence of a small but literary gathering, a tablet was affixed to Lawn Bank, the house at Hampstead in which Keats lived for a considerable part of his sojourn in the North of London. To do so was an excellent move, and one that will be grateful to many a tourist. For Hampstead—the green and grey Hampstead of Keats—is fast being obliterated by the achievements of the Jerry-builder; and it was wont to take many questions and much turning aside by by-paths before the wayfarer was able to learn where Lawn Bank really stood. Now he will find the tablet to reassure him, and his toil will not be unrecompensed. And indeed, despite the mason and the carpenter, I know no quarter of London sweeter to the literary enthusiast than the Hampstead in which I am happy to claim my home. The wandering way through Froginal is desecrated, it is true, with "desirable residences" in long, unlovely ranks, but by the time Windmill Hill is reached, the foot is on the native heath, the face towards Jack Straw's Castle, and one can still imagine oneself the guest of Keats and of Leigh Hunt. There is the ruined avenue of lime where that romantic pair shook hands, and Hunt had presage of his friend's approaching death. Not even the red-brick villas behind it can altogether rob it of suggestion. And a little further on, overlooking the Vale of Health, one is in the heart of the Keats neighborhood. I think I never walk down the rugged ridge behind the home of my good friend, Mr. Ernest Rhys, but I picture Shelley laboring down that self-same path across the snow, with the half-lifeless body in his arms, that night he found a dying woman on the heath, and carried her down to Hunt's for fire and food. Mr. Rhys believes himself to be the householder of the very cottage which Hunt inhabited, and, if it be not the same, it is at least its sister. Things have changed very little in the Vale of Heath these eighty years, and the pretty wood-work cottage, where the hops grow so thick upon the verandah, may even have listened to the voice of Keats, as he trotted out verses. The spirit of poetry hovers above the flowery hollow, and will not be driven away by the excursionist. Prof. Hale Griffin's tablet may lead more travellers to the quiet corners of the heath, but he were a churl who would grudge another the

enjoyment of the little hill where Keats stood tip-toe and dreamed. Leigh Hunt may have said to Keats, as Hallam to Tennyson, "A hundred years hence and people will make pilgrimages to this place." For Keats and Hunt the hundred years are not yet passed, but the time of pilgrimage has begun.

Talking of Mr. Ernest Rhys reminds me that his romance, upon which he has been engaged since the spring of 1895, is all but ready at the publishers', and will probably be in its readers' hands before these lines appear in print. Mr. Rhys, admirable critic and true poet, has as yet done little in fiction; and "The Fiddler of Carne" will be read and watched with interest. If those who have seen the manuscript may now speak, it is likely to put its author in a new light and bring him an increased reputation. In a certain underlying sense, the story is an allegory. It represents Art, in the form of the weird and inarticulate Fiddler, invading a pagan community, and rending its interests and its lives asunder. But, apart from symbolism, an impressive and romantic story is told with reticent but glowing charm; and the literary finish of the narrative is of rare workmanship. "The Fiddler of Carne" will appeal to every lover of literature, here and in America. I am not sure if Mr. Rhys is a Celt, but it is the Celtic publishing-house that issues his novel; and really, it is carrying a jest rather too far in its enthusiasm for this "Celtic renascence." Last week's *Athenaeum* had an advertisement of a new anthology promoted by Mr. William Sharp, in the course of which the word "Celtic" figured seven or eight times. It was a Celtic book, in a Celtic library, with Celtic contents and a Celtic cover, printed in Celtic type, on Celtic rag, and I know not what else. Mr. Sharp has either a somewhat defective sense of humor, or a sense so humorously sharpened that its edge is too keen for the common eye. To the ordinary Anglo-Saxon this surfeit of renascence seems a trifle ludicrous.

Mr. John Davidson's version of François Coppée's "Pour la Couronne" was produced at the Lyceum last night, and proved an emphatic and quite remarkable success. From first to last it held the audience spellbound, and the demonstration at the close was tremendous. Everyone is glad of this; firstly, because Mr. Forbes Robertson has had very hard luck at the Lyceum; and secondly, because Mr. Davidson has now shown that he possesses a talent which may make him the one man needful to the English drama—a man-of-letters who is also a dramatist. Does this seem excessive confidence in what is, after all, only an adaptation? It is not so rash as it looks, albeit. For Mr. Davidson has had to curtail and condense with no sparing hand; and the tact and workmanlike judgment with which he has made his alterations prove him to have an uncommon appreciation of the requirements of the playwright. Moreover, his blank verse speaks excellently, as well as it reads. Mr. Davidson was in the house last night, concealed in the gallery, modest but elated. Mr. Forbes Robertson himself was not aware of the poet's presence. He had come to enjoy the play unmolested, and he must have had a very satisfactory evening up there, among the clamor of the gods. For the house was fully alive to his share of the credit, and he was called with M. Coppée at the end. Mr. Davidson is a man for whom one always covets success. He is a true artist and an excellent fellow, and a very wide circle of friends is congratulating him to-day.

Mr. John Murray's sudden announcement that he has a new edition of Byron in preparation came as an immense surprise. It seems that there is continuation of "Don Juan" in the safe in Albemarle Street, a number of unpublished poems, and many letters which were not even shown to Moore. If this be so, it would seem that the edition which Mr. W. E. Henley is preparing for Mr. Heinemann can scarcely be final and definitive. However, it is quite sure to be well-edited and valuable, as Mr. Henley is understood to have spent much time over the notes and introduction, and, indeed, to have practically given his entire attention to this work for the last few months. In any case, he has got the start of Mr. Murray, for his first volume is announced for April 14, and Mr. Murray has not yet given a date. From the point of view of public interest, a start is a great thing.

LONDON, 28 Feb. 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

In our review of Mr. Saintsbury's "Essays in English Literature" (Jan. 25), the following misprints slipped in unperceived: "blood and mire," for "blood and wine"; and "seeded down" for "graded down." Towards the close of the first paragraph, the words "like him" were omitted after "For few there be," thus marring the significance of the sentence.

The Copyright Situation

AT A MEETING, last week, of the Executive Council of the American (Authors') Copyright League, President Stedman in the chair, the following resolutions in opposition to the Treloar Bill for the revision of the copyright law were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas the copyright bill introduced by Mr. Treloar (H. R. 5976) renders it uncertain whether the work of a foreigner can be copyrighted otherwise than through the assignment of his interest to a citizen of the United States, and

Whereas the bill extends the requirement of domestic manufacture to nearly all cases where copyright is applied for, and

Whereas the bill introduces numerous changes of which the general effect must be to create insecurity, and

Whereas its effect would be to withdraw from citizens of the U. S. all rights and privileges now enjoyed by them through our present law in the nine following countries, to wit, Great Britain and her colonies, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Portugal and Denmark: Therefore,

Resolved: That while the American Copyright League approves the establishment of a separate copyright office, it regards the bill introduced by Mr. Treloar as one that should not become law.

The American Publishers' Copyright League met on March 2, and adopted resolutions to the same effect. The grounds on which these resolutions are founded are, in brief, as follows:—

1. The bill provides for the restriction to "Citizens of the United States" of the privilege of securing copyright. The act of 1891 extended this privilege to citizens of the countries which conceded to American citizens the benefit of copyright (see above). Mr. Treloar's proposal must inevitably lead to a revocation or cancellation of copyright relations by these countries.

2. The bill provides for the addition of musical compositions and of reproductions of works of art to the list of articles which, to secure copyright, must be wholly manufactured in this country. Seeing that it would be impossible to produce many reproductions of works of art in this country, this provision is equivalent to a denial of copyright privileges to foreign artists.

3. The provision in the bill limiting to \$5000 the amount to be collected for infringement of copyright is inequitable and a distinct departure from the principles heretofore controlling the law of copyright throughout the world. "The penalty should be left, as under the present law, proportioned to the extent of the injury caused to the owner of the copyright, and proportioned, also, to the proceeds secured to the person appropriating the copyrighted property."

4. The plan for instituting the office of Commissioner of Copyrights can be dealt with more effectively in a separate bill, such as has already been introduced in the house by Mr. Bankhead and in the Senate by Mr. Morrill. "It is further our opinion that the staff provided under the Treloar Bill for the Copyright Bureau would be unnecessarily large and expensive, and that the services of so many employees would probably not be required, at least during the early years of the operation of the office."

5. "The purpose expressed in Clause XXVIII. of the Bill for securing adequate protection for the property rights of dramatic authors can also, in our judgment, be better brought about under the provisions of the Cummings bill now pending in the House of Representatives."

On March 4, representatives of the Authors' and Publishers' Leagues, and of the Photographers' Copyright League, appeared before the House Committee on Patents to oppose the bill, the enactment whereof "would constitute a serious injury to the rights of producers of copyright property and to the interests of the community, for the use of which such copyright property is brought into existence. It would further constitute on the part of the United States a breach of international good faith with the several nations of Europe which have extended copyright privileges to American citizens."

The legislation proposed by Mr. Treloar is untimely and ill-advised.

Educational Notes

THE sub-committee appointed by the Senate Cities Committee to take up for consideration the Pavey and the Page New York city school bills, in order that some compromise measure on the subject might be agreed upon, if possible, will report a substitute school bill, abolishing the trustee system, as provided in the Pavey bill. It is similar to the Page bill so far as the proposed new school system is concerned.

The program for the dedication of the new site of Columbia University, on May 2, will be as follows:—In the morning, dedication of the Physics Building; dedication address by the Rev. Dr. Marvin R. Vincent; Prof. Rood of the Physics Department will lay the cornerstone; address by Dean Van Amringe. At the dedication of Schermerhorn Hall, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix will make the dedication address; William C. Schermerhorn will lay the cornerstone, and Prof. Osborn of the Biological Department will make an address. In the afternoon the undergraduates and alumni will march to South Court. The prayer will be made by the Rev. Dr. Coe, to be followed by an address by President Low. Lafayette Post, G. A. R., will present to the University the national colors, which will be accepted by President Low. The dedication of the grounds will follow, ex-Mayor Hewitt making the dedicatory speech. President Eliot of Harvard will also make an address, and Bishop Potter will pronounce the benediction.

Ground was broken for the Hall of History, the first building of the American University at Washington, on March 9. The land was purchased on 28 Feb. 1890, for \$100,000, the last payment being made 1 March 1895. The financial condition of the University at the present moment is as follows: Present value of the site, \$200,000; other real estate, \$50,000; building funds in hand and pledged, \$340,000; endowment in bonds, security, etc., \$200,000; endowment pledged, \$250,000; total, \$1,040,000.

The committee of the Alumni Association, which was appointed to consider the best means of helping to restore the library of the University of Virginia, is negotiating for the purchase of the library of Greek and Latin philology, formed by the late Prof. Hertz of the University of Breslau, which contains almost 12,000 volumes, arranged in twenty-one sections, several of which are very rich. Greek authors fill thirty-three pages; the Latin, fifty-three. The sets of the philosophical journals make up 163 volumes. Such a library, placed at the University, would serve, in the highest degree, to promote learning. It would be a lasting honor to the University itself, and to the association that gave it. The price asked is low; but, in order to make the purchase, the Committee needs at once \$1000 more than it has in hand. Address Alfred H. Byrd, Treasurer, 59 Wall Street, New York City.

Mr. Melvil Dewey, State Librarian, lectured before the Public Educational Association in this city on March 6. His subject was the value of the library as an educational factor, especially for those who had passed the school-going age, or had not the opportunity of regularly attending any place of instruction.

At the winter meeting of Trustees of Cornell University, on March 4, President Schurman's suggestions concerning a pension fund for the professors led to the adoption of the following resolution:—"Resolved, That, while the Board deem it unwise to use the general funds of the University or gifts not specifically made for the purpose to pension professors, they cordially endorse the scheme of a professorial pension fund outlined in the President's report, and express their willingness to receive contributions from former students and from friends of the University for the establishment of such fund (which should be increased by annual contributions from all professors desiring to avail themselves of the advantage thereof), and they express their willingness to invest the moneys thus obtained with the endowment of the University and manage them without cost to the benefactors or beneficiaries."

The Brooklyn Kindergarten Society was incorporated on March 9. The announcement has been made that the Society is about to receive an endowment gift of about \$75,000, the income from which will be used in the establishment of free kindergartens in Brooklyn. The work accomplished thus far by the Society consists of twelve free schools, having an attendance of 500 children.

Prof. John Kraus, one of the pioneers of kindergarten work in this country, died in this city on March 4. He was born 2 Feb. 1815, in Nassau, Germany, and came to this country in 1851. He was connected with the Bureau of Education at Washington from its establishment in 1867 till 1873, when he started, with the lady who afterwards became his wife, a normal training school for kindergartners in this city. In collaboration with Mrs. Kraus, also, he wrote a "Practical Guide to the Kindergarten for Mothers and Kindergartners." Prof. Kraus was a life member of the National Educational Association, and an honorary member of the Universal Educational Union of Dresden.

The Trustees of the Teachers' College announce that \$15,000 is still needed to meet the expenses for 1896. A century fund has been established to meet \$10,000 of this amount, 100 friends of the institution having pledged themselves to give \$100 each.

The Oxford Congregation has rejected all the proposals substituted for the defeated motion to confer the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon women, including the proposal to make the University the only examining body so far as women are concerned, which was rejected by a vote of 140 to 136. Proposals to confer a diploma or certificate were rejected by large majorities.

Prof. Rowland of Johns Hopkins has been made a member of the Society of Italian Spectroscopists; Prof. Rowland and Prof. Newcomb have been appointed officers of the Legion of Honor. Among other members of the staff of the University who have been chosen for additional labor have been Prof. Gould as Professor of the American Economic Society, Prof. Adams as Secretary of the American Historical Society, Profs. Bright and Greene as Secretary and Treasurer, respectively, of the Modern Language Association, and Prof. Wood as Vice-President of the American Folk-Lore Society and President of the Baltimore branch of that organization.

The Johns Hopkins Press has issued "The Physiological Papers of Dr. H. Newell Martin." Prof. Martin occupied the Chair of Biology from 1876 until 1893, and a number of the most valuable of his papers are thus presented after editing by President Gilman and Profs. Howell, Brooks and Welsh.

Princeton College has sent an important geological expedition to Patagonia. It consists of Prof. J. B. Hatcher, Curator of the Museum of Vertebrate Palaeontology, and Mr. P. A. Paterson, formerly of the Museum of Natural History in this city. The expedition promises to yield exceptionally rich results in the fields of geology and palaeontology.

Notes

The Savoy is trying to repeat the success of curiosity made by *The Yellow Book*. Number one lies before us in all its pink prosperity. There is a good deal of drivel in it—notably that of Mr. Bernard Shaw, "On Going to Church,"—but little deviltry. It seems to be suffering from a sort of literary paresis. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is very much in evidence as artist, prose-writer and poet, in each of which rôles he is equally eccentric. We are sorry for Mr. Beardsley. It is no easy matter to keep up a reputation as an astonisher. Such a reputation is not hard to make—an elephant would achieve it by standing on its head,—but the pose would be a tiresome one to keep up for any length of time. Mr. Beardsley attracted public attention by clowning, and he is afraid of losing it if he settles down to legitimate business. His poetry—we beg the Muse's pardon—is as eccentric as his pencil, and

his prose is more eccentric than either. Here is one stanza from a poem called "The Three Musicians":—

"The third a Polish Pianist
With big engagements everywhere,
A light heart and an iron wrist,
And shocks and shoals of yellow hair,
And fingers that can trill on sixths,
And fill beginners with despair."

This description of New York's favorite pianist is apropos of nothing. We think *The Savoy* is the beginning of the end of "bad" periodicals, and if it is, we shall rejoice. Mr. Leonard Smithers is its publisher.

—*The Cambridge Magazine* for March contains an article on "Longfellow in Home Life," by his daughter, Miss Alice M. Longfellow. This is the first paper Miss Longfellow has written about her famous father.

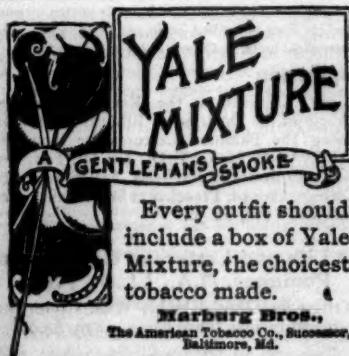
—Mr. Philip Jacob Arcularius Harper, who died in Hempstead, L. I., on March 6, was born in this city on 21 Oct. 1824. He was the eldest son of the late Mayor James Harper, one of the founders of the firm of Harper & Bros. Mr. Philip Harper was educated in this city, and entered his father's offices at the age of eighteen. In 1869, on his father's death, he became a member of the firm, remaining active in its management until about six years ago, when he retired, taking up his residence at Hempstead, where his public spirit and civic generosity were fully appreciated.

—Messrs. Harper & Bros. have just published "A Souvenir of Trilby," being seven photogravure portraits of the leading characters in Mr. Beethoven Tree's presentation of the play; and "The Danvers Jewels" and "Sir Charles Danvers," a new edition of the two stories in an ornamental cloth binding.

—Mr. Crockett's new novel, "Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City: His Progress and Adventures," is to be published immediately by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., with several illustrations.

—Another edition of "The Compleat Angler" is announced. Mr. Le Gallienne is to be its editor, and Mr. John Lane its publisher. The editor is responsible for the new biographies of Cotton and Walton, besides copious notes. There seems to be no end to the editions of this famous book, but up to the present there is none better than that edited by the late James Russell Lowell.

—Miss Bentham-Edwards's forthcoming novel, "The Dream Charlotte: A Story of Echoes," will be published simultaneously in London, Leipzig and New York—in the latter city by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.



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—Signora Duse has volunteered her services for the benefit of the New York Kindergarten Association, and will appear in a new part in a play by Goldoni, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, on Thursday afternoon, March 19. All of the \$5 seats are gone; but there are still some at \$2 and \$1.50 in the top balcony, and many of these, we understand, will be occupied by the persons most actively engaged in furthering the cause of the Kindergarten. The Kniesel Quartet and Mr. Plunkett Greene will also appear.

—Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart will give a reading from her own stories at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, on Saturday, March 21. A number of the younger generation of writers have volunteered to do the ushering on this occasion.

—The city of Metz will place a tablet on the house where Ambroise Thomas was born, and a bust of him in the theatre.

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Boissier, G. Romes and Pompeii. Tr. by D. H. Fisher. \$4.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.	Hake, A. E. and O. E. Weasau. The Coming Individualism. 14.	Macmillan & Co.
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